

# GREENLANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 3.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1874.

NO. 13.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### BARTON.

**A. C. ROBINSON.**  
DEALER IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR,  
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General Merchandise.

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MILLINERY, DRESSMAKING AND FASHION  
Trimmings, Hats, Bonnets, and New  
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Dealer in all kinds of Grain.

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PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT. WILL DO MILL  
Work of all kinds. Also Mill Machinery.

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HARNESS MAKER AND TRIMMER. REPAIRING  
done neatly and promptly. Shop next door  
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reasonable rates.

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Merchandise. Will take orders in exchange.

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DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FLOUR,  
Said, Hops, Beans, Shoes, and Ready Made  
Clothing.

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DEALER IN STOVES, TIN, JAPAN, WOOD  
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SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. SPECIAL  
attention paid to cutting Ladies' and Children's  
hair.

**M. J. SMITH.**  
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Marble Works, Barton and American Marble,  
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DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND FINDINGS  
of all kinds and qualities. Office next door to  
St. Louis opposite the Drug Store.

**W. B. CROCKETT.**  
PAINTER AND GLAZIER. GAINING WHITE-  
washing and Paper Hanging done in the best  
style and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited.

**J. J. HILL.**  
SUCCESSOR TO P. CHERNEY, WILL CONTINUE  
to do all kinds of Sewing and Knitting  
Machines. Orders solicited.

**E. P. DUTTON.**  
SUCCESSOR TO W. J. JOSEPH & SONS. DEALER  
in Irons, Medicines, Perfumery, Window Glass,  
Putty, Bells, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

**L. E. WOOD, JR. & CO.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF TRIMMINGS, METAL GLASS,  
Canvas and Paper Signs, Banner, Signs,  
Ornamental Painting, &c. Proprietors of Wood's Star  
Paint, Putty, and other Goods. Office opposite  
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**GLOVER.**  
C. L. FRENCH, M. D.  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

**E. E. POSTER.**  
PROPRIETOR UNION HOUSE. STAGE LEAVES  
for Montpelier, Burlington, Waterbury, and  
Fitchburg, at 10 o'clock every day.

**D. L. DWINELL.**  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS,  
Caps and General Merchandise. The celebrated  
St. Louis Water on hand for sale.

**N. M. SCOTT, J.**  
PROPRIETOR GLOVER FLOURING MILLS.  
Best Family Flour always on hand. Also  
Corn and other feeds. No. 1. Turbine water power.  
Custom Grinding. Barton, Vt.

**J. W. SCOTT.**  
DEALER IN HARNESSES, RIDING BRIDLES,  
Whips and Horse Clothing. Blankets, &c. All  
kinds of trimming—Robber and Leather Covered.  
Collars, Bands, Saddles and Girths. Repairing  
promptly attended to.

**J. E. DWINELL.**  
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Furniture of all  
kinds and descriptions, Carpets, Room Paper,  
Paints and Putty, also Coffins and Cases, Furniture  
and other Goods. No. 1. Barton, Vt.

### IRASBURGH.

**R. S. ORNE.**  
DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND  
CASES, Trimmings, &c. 204

**W. D. TYLER.**  
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR.  
Also Insurance Agent. Irasburgh, Vt. 224

**H. H. THOMPSON.**  
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR.  
Also Bounty and Pension Agent. Irasburgh, Vt.

**E. W. POWELL.**  
PROPRIETOR IRASBURGH HOUSE, Irasburgh,  
Vt. A good table in the house, well as  
the house, Stage leaves for Barton Landing Depot, twice  
a day.

**W. L. RUSSELL.**  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, THE STUFF,  
Honey, Blank Books, Candles, Cigars, Tobacco,  
Toilet Soap, Fancy Articles, and all the Popular  
Pamphlets. Irasburgh, Vt.

**ST. ANTONIO.**  
THE SAME OLD CHAP AS EVER, always on  
hand at his Post of Trade where Every man  
wishes to Trade for Goods in his line, such as  
Wine, Liquors, Livery Stable and Groceries, Vegetables  
at his home, and Clipper Scares, with other Articles,  
and a good place for travelers horses at his barn—  
Irasburgh, Vt. 224

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**MADISON COWLES.**  
WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL  
the latest styles of ready-made Coffins, Caskets,  
Burial Boxes and Trimmings of every description—  
Terms reasonable. West Albany, Vt.

**F. R. KENDALL.**  
ATTORNEY, BARTON LANDING, VERMONT.

**MRS. J. P. SARTLE.**  
HAS RECENTLY OPENED A FANCY GOODS  
Store at Barton Landing in Austin & Joslin's  
Store where she will do Millinery and Dress Making  
in the latest and most approved styles. For further notice  
see bills. Barton Landing, Sept. 20, 1873.

**W. W. JELLEN.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW. North Craftsbury, Vt.

**ROBERT GILLIS.**  
DEALER IN HARNESSES, Blankets, whips, carry  
on, &c. Barton Landing, Vt.

**A. D. MANSEY.**  
PRACTICAL MASON. Conway, Vermont.

**J. P. VERHUFF.**  
Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence,  
Barton Landing, Vt.

**DR. O. A. BEHNS.**  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
15

**CUTLER & GOSS.**  
MANUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleighs,  
&c. Greenboro, Vt.

**E. G. STEVENS.**  
SURGEON DENTIST, at Little's Hotel in Barton  
Village every Wednesday. Barton Landing, Vt.

## SWEET PICKLES.

"A little nonsense now and then,  
is relished by the wisest men."

The Troy Wagon wants somebody to  
put a head on Bald Mountain immedi-  
ately.

Next to pork, whiskey is our main de-  
pendence. Another "panic" appears  
above the horizon.—*Cincinnati Eq.*

The Bath County, Ky., News has hit  
it; it is printed with the motto, "Devot-  
ed to the interests of the proprietor."

The last useless task that a German  
professor has found for himself is the  
counting of the hairs in a buffalo robe.

A Sioux city hotel, has a black and  
tan dog that killed a thousand rats in  
a month. This is a good puff for the  
dog, but is hard on the hotel.

A Western reporter was angry because  
a young woman would not waltz with  
him, and, in his report of the ball he  
called her a "graceful little teard."

Col. John Jay, author of "Leather  
Breches," and other farm ballads, was  
recently married to Miss Stone.

To farming operations the Colonel is no stranger  
And if he turns a Stone to Clay, he ought to be a gran-  
der.

A Kentucky paper apologizes for having  
spoken of the red-headed malignant  
mule who dispenses the county money,  
by saying that it wrote: "big-headed  
valiant soul."

So thorough has been the temperance  
movement in some sections of Ohio, that  
liquor is only sold by the jug full now.  
Retail guzzling has happily been com-  
pletely wiped out.

Justice overtakes the evil-doer sooner  
than he dreams of sometimes. A boy  
threw a snow-ball at a lame darkey the  
other day, and, dozing into an area, he  
sat down into a scuffle of hot ashes.

A New Britain man considers that  
this is a sadly unappreciative world. He  
tried to assist in the worship of a Sec-  
ond Advent church with a Jewshark.  
He proved that his conduct was Scrip-  
tural, but he was fined \$10.

A Virginia bishop says he saw a  
wheat field in California seventeen miles  
long, and when the owner ploughs it he  
starts on one furrow and goes all day,  
camps out all night, and ploughs back  
the next day.

A clergyman being invited to open a  
legislature with prayer, uttered the fol-  
lowing ambiguous petition: "May con-  
stitution and sin of every form be far  
from every member of this legislature as  
Thou art."

When a Kansas city girl, who was  
clerk in a candy store, learned she had  
fallen heir to one hundred thousand dol-  
lars in England, she refused to attend to  
customers, and perched herself on the  
counter, and chewed gum-drops the rest  
of the day.

The young scamp who robbed a church  
on the hill last month, has addressed a  
note of condolence to the members of  
the congregation, advising them to lay  
up treasures where moth and rust do not  
corrupt nor thieves break through and  
steal.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

A Down-East genius has just pre-  
sented a self-acting, steam-winding, pre-  
serving, seven-ovate, non-explosive, auto-  
matic urchin-chastener, and combined  
hair-comb, editorial protector and hash  
cutter. And yet people say that the in-  
ventive genius of the country is in the  
wane.

A conductor on the Chicago & Alton  
railroad is reported as having forbidden  
honey-mooning and cooling. Ob-  
serving a bridegroom's arm out of place,  
he forbade further demonstrations. "But  
I have a right to hug her," said John.  
"Not on a railroad," said the conductor,  
"there is a law against all unjust dis-  
criminations on railroads, and as I have  
not a woman for each man on the train  
to hug, your action is in violation of the  
law and must be stopped."

A Detroit policeman in the western  
part of the city heard that a resident of  
Twelfth street had been badly injured,  
and he called at the house to obtain par-  
ticulars. He found the man lying on  
the lounge, his head tied up and his face  
badly scratched, and he asked "What's  
the matter; did you get run over or did  
you fall down stairs?" "No, not exactly,"  
replied his wife, "but he wanted to run  
the house his way, and I wanted to run  
it my way, and there he is."

## FOUNDATIONS OF HOME.

The home is built on mutual respect-  
shalt we not say mutual obedience? And  
this mutual respect implies a recognition  
of mutual rights: not rights on one side  
and duties on the other, but rights on  
both sides and duties on both, equal  
rights and equal duties: rights of wives  
as well as husbands, of children as well  
as parents, and duties corresponding.

In modern society, these people, young and  
old, male and female, wise and simple,  
living beneath one roof, meeting every  
day, sharing every essential thing, must  
recognize one another as persons, or give  
up the idea of living a common life.  
They who are one by association must  
be one by honor. There is a certain  
amount of letting alone to be done under  
the law of freedom, as well as a certain  
amount of helping to be done under the  
law of kinship. The hardest lesson to  
learn is respect for individuality; and  
it is hardest for those who most need it  
—those whose individuality must be  
most frequently thrust forward. Home  
should be a school for this high educa-  
tion. Persons there are thrown together  
to foster one another, not to crush; this  
cannot be tolerated. The old law allowed  
parents to crush children, but forbade  
children to crush one another. The new  
law declares that none shall crush, and  
none be crushed; that there shall be an  
equal recognition of qualities, the  
friendliest tolerance of disposition, the  
most affectionate will of peculiarities,  
the most willing furtherance of  
aims, the sincerest congratulation on vic-  
tories of taste and talent.

## Mississippi Steamboat Racing.

A VIVID PICTURE.

"By George, yonder comes the Amaranth!"  
"A spark appeared close to the water  
several miles down the river. The  
pilot took his glass and looked at it  
steadily for a moment and said, chiefly  
to himself:  
"It can't be the Blue Wing. She could  
not pick up up that way. It's the Amaranth,  
sure."  
He bent over a speaking tube and  
then said:  
"Who's on watch down there?"  
A hollow, unhuman voice rumbled up  
through the tube in answer:  
"I am. Second engineer."  
"Good! You want to stir your stumps  
now, Harry—the Amaranth's just turned  
the point, and she's just a-bumping  
herself, too."

The pilot took hold of a rope that was  
stretched out forward, jerked it twice,  
and two mellow strokes of the big bell  
responded. A voice out on the deck  
shouted:  
"Stand by, down there, with that lar-  
board lead!"  
"No, I don't want the lead," said the  
pilot, "I want you. Roust out the old  
man—tell him the Amaranth's coming.  
And go and call Jim—tell him."  
"Aye, aye, sir."  
The old man was the captain—he is  
always called so on steamboats and ships.  
"Jim" was the other pilot. Within two  
minutes both of these men were flying  
up the pilot-house stairway, three steps  
at a jump. Jim was in his shirt sleeves  
with his coat and vest on his arm. He  
said:  
"I was just turning in. Where's the  
glass?" He took it and looked.  
"Don't appear to be any night-hawk  
on the jack-staff—it's the Amaranth,  
dead sure!"

The captain took a good long look  
and only said:  
"Damnation!"  
George Davis, the pilot on watch,  
shouted to the night-watchman on deck:  
"How's she loaded?"  
"Two inches by the head, sir."  
"Taint enough!"  
The captain shouted now:  
"Call the mate. Tell him to get out  
hands and get a lot of that sugar forward  
—put her ten inches by the head. Live-  
ly now!"  
"Aye, aye, sir."  
A riot of shouting and tramping float-  
ed up from below presently, and the un-  
easy steering of the boat showed that  
she was getting down by the head."

The three men in the pilot-house be-  
gan to talk in short, sharp sentences,  
low and earnestly. As their excitement  
rose their voices went down. As fast as  
one of them put down the spy-glass, an-  
other took it up—but always with a  
studied air of calmness. Each time the  
verdict was:  
"She's a gaining."  
The captain spoke through the tube:  
"What steam are you carrying?"  
"A hundred and forty-two, sir! But  
she's getting hotter and hotter all the  
time."

The boat was straining and groaning  
and quivering like a monster in pain.  
Both pilots were at work now, one on  
each side of the wheel, with their coats  
and vests off, their bosoms and collars  
wide open, and the perspiration flowing  
down their faces. They were holding  
the boat so close to the shore that the  
willows swept the guards almost from  
stem to stern.

"Stand by!" whispered George.  
"All ready!" said Sam, under his breath.  
"Let her come!"

The boat sprang away from the bank  
like a deer, and darted in a long diago-  
nal toward the other shore. She closed  
in again and thrashed her fierce way  
along the willows as before. The cap-  
tain put down the glass:  
"Lord, how she walks up on us! I do  
hate to be beat!"

"Jim," said George, looking straight  
ahead, watching the slightest yawing of  
the boat and promptly meeting it with  
the wheel, "how'll it do to try Murderer's  
Clute?"

"Well, it's—it's taking chances. How  
was the ottonwood stump on the false  
point below Boardman's Island, this  
morning?"

"Water just touching the roots."  
"Well, it's pretty close work. That  
gives six feet cent in the head of Mur-  
derer's Clute. We can just barely run  
through if we hit it exactly right. But  
it's worth trying. She don't tackle it!"  
—meaning the Amaranth. In another  
instant the Boreas plunged into what  
seemed a crooked creek, and the Amaranth's  
approaching lights were shut out in  
an instant. Not a whisper was uttered  
now, but the three men started ahead  
into the shadows and two of them spun  
the wheel back and forth with unex-  
hausted waterfulness while the steamer  
tore along. The Clute seemed to come to  
an end every fifty yards, but always open-  
ed in time. Now the head of it was at  
hand. George tapped the big bell three  
times, two leadmen sprang to their posts,  
and in a moment their wild cries rose  
on the night air and were caught up and

repeated by two men on the upper deck:

"No-o bottom!"  
"De-e-f four!"  
"Half three!"  
"Quarter three!"  
"Mark under wa-a-ter three!"  
"Half twain!"

Davis pulled a couple of ropes; there  
was a jingling of small bells far below,  
the boat's speed slackened, and the pent  
up steam began to whistle and the gauge  
cocks to scream:

"By the mark twain!"  
"Quar-ter-her-er-less!"  
"Eight and a half!"  
"Eight feet!"  
"Seven-anna-half!"

Another jingling of the little bells  
and the wheels ceased turning altogeth-  
er. The whistling of the steam was  
something frightful, now. It almost  
drowned all other noises.

"Stand by to meet her!"  
George had the wheel hard down and  
was standing on a spoke.

"All ready!"  
The boat hesitated—seemed to hold  
her breath, as did the captain and pilots  
—and then she began to fall away to  
starboard, and every eye lighted:

"Now, then!—meet her! Snatch her!"  
The wheel flew to port so fast that  
the spokes blended into a spider web—  
the swing of the boat subsided—she  
stepped herself—

"Seven feet!"  
"Sev—six and a half!"  
"Six feet! Six f—?"  
"Bang! She hit the bottom! George  
shouted through the tube:  
"Spread her wide open! Whale it at  
her!"  
"Pov-wo-ehow! The escape-pipes  
belched snowy pillars of steam aloft, the  
boat ground and surged and trembled—  
and slid over into—"  
"M-a-r-k twain!"  
"Quarter her—"  
"Tap! tap! tap!" (to signify "lay in  
the leads").

And away she went, flying up the  
willow shore, with the whole silver sea  
of the Mississippi stretching abroad on  
every hand.

No Amaranth in sight!  
"Ha-ha, boys, we took a couple of  
tricks that time," said the captain.

And just at that moment a red glare  
appeared on the water by the Amaranth  
and the Amaranth came springing after them.

"Well, I swear!"  
"Jim, what's the meaning of that?"  
"I'll tell you what's the meaning of it.  
That hail we had at Napoleon was Wash  
Hastings, wanting to come to Cairo—  
and we didn't stop. He's in that pilot  
house now, showing those mud turtles  
how to hunt for easy water."

"That's it! I thought it wasn't any  
slosh that was running that middle bar  
in Hog-eye Bend. If it's Wash Hast-  
ings—well, what he don't know about the  
river ain't no thing knowing—a regu-  
lar gold lead, kid glove, diamond breast  
pin pilot, Wash Hastings is. We won't  
take any tricks of him, old man!"  
"I wish I'd a stopped for him, that's  
all."

The Amaranth was within three hun-  
dred yards of the Boreas, and still gain-  
ing. The old man "spoke thro' the tube":  
"What is she carrying now?"  
"A hundred and sixty-five, sir!"  
"How's your wood?"  
"Fine all out—cypress half gone—eat-  
ing up ottonwood like pie!"  
"Break into that resin on the main  
deck—pile it in, the boat can pay for it!"  
"Soon the boat was plunging and quiv-  
ering and screaming more madly than  
ever. But the Amaranth's head was al-  
most a-breast the Boreas' stern.

"But—"  
"Help those that can get well! It is  
not for me to be a girl. I carry the  
blood of eleven generations of soldiers  
in my veins!"  
The physician—himself a man who  
had seen service in the navy in his time  
—touched his hat to this little hero and  
passed on.

The head engineer of the Amaranth,  
a grand specimen of physical manhood,  
struggled to his feet, a ghastly specta-  
cle, and strode towards his brother, the  
second engineer, who was unhurt. He  
said:  
"You were on watch. You were boss.  
You would not listen to me when I begged  
you to reduce your steam. Take  
that!—take it to my wife and tell her  
it comes from me by the hand of my  
murderer! Take it!—and take my curse  
with it to blister your heart a hundred  
years—and may you live so long!"

REST IN OLD AGE—I covet rest nei-  
ther for myself nor my friends so long  
as we are able to work; but when age  
or weakness comes on, and hard labor  
becomes an unendurable burden, then  
the necessity to work is deeply painful,  
and it seems to imply an evil state of  
society wherever such a necessity gener-  
ally exists. One's old age should be  
tranquil, as one's old age should be  
playful; headwork at either extremity  
of human existence seems to me out of  
place. The morning and the evening  
should be alike peaceful; at mid-day,  
the sun may burn, and men may labor  
under it.

Job PRINTING done at this office.

## A SATURDAY NIGHT STORY.

The tender sentiment is not confined  
to the lily-skinned and silken-haired peo-  
ple who strut peacockly through the  
Lord's barnyard, and look with disdain  
upon the plainer hued and coarser feath-  
ered bipeds who humbly scratch for the  
vulgar worm. Wealth and Fame may  
pick out a select few to be the recipients  
of their favors, and set them in exalted  
places to wriggle their nose affixed  
fingers at the straw-pulling crowd below.  
But thou, oh Love! art as impartial as  
the dew that falls alike upon the clean  
and the unclean, upon the rose and the  
urose, upon the tender violet and the  
hardened violator. All seasons, all coun-  
tries, all people are thine!—Thou scater-  
est thy favors as the farmer sows the  
wheat, on the rough and on the level,  
in the bottoms and on the hillside.  
Thou lightest upon the blue-veined dan-  
sels of aristocracy and clabber-blooded  
coachesmen of whipsocracy, and they  
elope; and thou laughest in the face of  
Scandal. Thou descendest into the bosom  
of the untutored milk-maid, and she  
leaveth the half-enset udder hanging to  
the wandering cow and skipeth from  
her home with the sweet-scented middle-  
man; and thy mocking voice resoundeth  
through the saddened grange. Thou  
stealest into the breast of the lowly Ethio-  
pian, and he riseth in the pride of a  
man, and flingeth away his ax, and go-  
eth forth to get some one to write a let-  
ter for him. Which latter thing thou  
didst last Saturday, and thy subject con-  
trolled by that strange spell, came  
straightway to us.

Trampling, yet hopefully, he stood  
before us, and while there shone in his  
eyes a heaven-born light, and in his  
mouth two rows of ivory inlaid with to-  
bacco, he took off his battered hat, and  
in a husky voice asked:  
"Boss, can you write?"

We told him that at odd times, when  
the determined creatures of a crippled  
imagination hobbled into Reason's do-  
main and drove her from her throne, we  
were wont to seize the frail, uncertain  
quill, and agitate it in the interest of  
nothing in particular.

"Yes; but that's so. But can you  
write? Can you—" and here our col-  
ored friend drew nearer, hushed his voice  
back farther, and in a whisper that  
sounded like it was coming through a  
stovepipe, continued, "can you write a  
lub letter?"

We were silent a moment. Our throats  
were busy with the past. Then with a  
knee-deep tone we replied that we could.

"Well, Boss, if you'll write a letter  
for me to my gal—a nice, sweet, solaci-  
ous billy-doo—I'll chop you up a cawd  
o' wood."

We wrote.

We threw ourself back into those by-  
gone days, way back to our first case.  
She was a gentle, blue-eyed girl, with a  
poetic temperament and a voice like the  
choir of a fairy grotto, now close and  
clear and now dying away in vibrating  
murmurs, low, soft and sweet. We were  
a boy again, and writing to her. Poor  
girl! she has been married four times  
since then, and her husbands are all  
alive—the last one just barely alive.

The law's delays and the wear and tear  
of divorce courts, must have somewhat  
shattered the delicate casket that held  
her pure soul. Perhaps she is now but  
a wreck of her former self; but we can  
only remember her as the loving, wil-  
low creature who, when a prating child,  
licked the molasses from our bread, and  
older grown, sugared all our hopes—and  
swallowed them. Oh enchantment!

"Ain't you mos' done, Boss?"

"Ah! yes. We had forgotten. Perhaps  
this will do. And we read over to him  
what we had written.

"Hi golly! dat's sompations! Dat  
takes de ha' of de bush! Chop you two  
cawds o' wood for dat, shuah! If dat  
cawd ain't foot de nose into dese arms,  
den she ain't got no soul. Cl'ar out, nig-  
gers! Guayum dat gal! Ise coming  
now. Good mornin', Boss, good mornin'.  
Cut you two cawds o' wood an' tote it  
in de cellar."

The embittered cynic may sneer at us  
for engaging in so frivolous an occupa-  
tion, but the light that this little act  
brought into one benighted breast was  
reflected in our own; we rejoiced in hav-  
ing made one humble creature happy.  
Then there was the wood.

If we could stop here we would be  
content, and so no doubt would our read-  
ers, but it must all be told.

Time and things elapse, and it is the  
evening of the same day. In a cheerful  
parlor a kind-faced woman sits knitting  
in the lamplight. The door softly opens,  
and her servant, a pony-built young ne-  
gro girl, enters hesitatingly, approaches  
the woman, and extending a letter, says:  
"Missus, will you please read dis pis-  
tule to me?"

Kindly the woman takes it, and be-  
gins to read:

Brightest star that ever shot a ray in-  
to a darkened heart; fairest flower that  
ever bowed in modest consciousness of  
its own loveliness; tenderest plant that  
ever quivered in the world's sharp glances:  
"Fo' God! what does de nigga mean?"  
exclaims the girl, with mouth and eyes

as wide open as a school boy's pockets;

"who's sharp gal is he talkin' 'bout?"  
"Beautif' creature! Unworthy as I feel  
myself—"  
"Whats he want to feel hisself for?"  
To unlatch the door that leads into thy  
shining presence, yet with the despera-  
tion of one whose all is cast upon the  
hazard of a die. I cling to the hope that  
fortune will not desert me in my last ex-  
tremity, but that in the liquid depths  
of thy blue eyes—

"Who's blue eyes? I isn't got no  
blue eyes, de fool!"  
I may read the answer to my prayer. O  
glorious consummation! O happiness  
supreme!

"What kind o' soup's dat?"  
But smile upon me once, and the dark  
clouds of doubt that now hang around  
me will be dispelled like mist before the  
morning sun—

"Yes, he allus misses de mornin' sun,  
de lazy nigga!"  
Fear shall flee from me, and so shall  
trouble, and so shall evil—  
"Stop dere, missus, stop dere! Dat's  
nuff o' dat insultin' dockment! He  
calls me soshul evil, de owdshus Ephio-  
pian!"

Then spoke the gentle lady: "No,  
Liza, you are mistaken; you do not un-  
derstand; he's only flattering you."  
"I'll flatten him wid a gridiron. No  
use tryin' to smooove de matter over, mis-  
sus. You's got a kind heart, and you  
want to temper de wind to de shorn  
ram, but it's no use. You told me a sho-  
shul evil was a bad woman, and—hi!  
listen! dat nigga's out to de kitchen  
doah, now."

She flew to meet him.  
They met.

There was a sound of devilry by night,  
and bedlams seemed gathered there for  
a charivari; bright shone the lamp o'er  
a mad wench and an astonished man; a  
thousand blows fell rapidly, and when  
Liza Jane arose with a vociferous yell,  
black eyes looked hate to eyes that spake  
again, and all went crazy as a wake in  
hell. Ah then and there was hurrying  
to and fro, and falling pokers and trem-  
blings of distress, and a head all broken  
which but an hour before was brushed  
up into bushy loveliness;

"And there were sudden partings, such as these  
The life from out young hearts."  
and a frenzied nigger might have been  
seen climbing wildly over a fence and  
getting madly away from there, staining  
the virgin snow with streaks of blood as  
he went.

There is little more to add. We still  
chop our own wood.—*Brunswick.*

**HISTORY OF ARTEMAS WARD.**  
BY HIMSELF.

I was born in the State of Maine, of  
parents. As an infant I attracted a  
great deal of attention. The nabers  
would stand over my cradle for hours,  
and say, "How bright that little face  
looks! How much it nose!" The young  
ladies would carry me round in their  
arms, sayin' I was "muzzer's bezy dar-  
lin", and a sweetie, "eety, little ting."  
It was nice, tho' I wasn't old enuff to  
properly appreciate it. I'm a healthy  
old darling now.

I have allers sustained a good moral  
character. I never was a Railroad di-  
rector in my life.

Altho' in early life I did not invainly  
confine myself to truth in any small  
bits, I have been gradually growin'  
respectable and respectable ev'ry year.  
I lov my children, and never mistake  
another man's wife for my own. I am  
not a member of any meetin' houses,  
but firmly b'lieve in meetin' houses,  
and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose  
of laudanum and lay down in the street  
of a village that hadn't any, with a  
thousand dollars in my vest pockets.

My temperament is bilious, altho' I  
don't owe a dollar in the world.

I am an early riser; but my wife is  
a Presbyteryan. I may add that I am  
also baldheaded. I keep two cows.

I liv in Baldwinville, Lodyan. My  
next-door nabor is Old Steve Billins.  
I'll tell you a little story about Old  
Steve that will make you laff. He jined  
de church last spring, and de min-  
ister said, "You must go home now,  
Brother Billins, and erect a family altar  
in your own house." Whereupon the  
egrejs old ass went and bilt a reg'lar  
pulpit in his settin'-room. He had the  
jitters in his house over four days.

I am 59 (59) years of age. Time, with  
its relentless scythe, is ever busy. The  
Old Sixton gathers them in—he gathers  
them in! I keep a pig this year.

I don't think of any thing more, Mr.  
Ed'ar.

If you should giv' my portrait in con-  
nection with my Bogfy, please hav' me  
engraved in a languishin' attitud, lean-  
in' on a marble pillar, leavin' my back  
hair as it is now.

Truly yours,  
ARTEMAS WARD.

A Washington letter says Mrs. Gen.  
Sherman is a devoted Catholic, as well  
as her daughters, Minnie and Lizzie.  
In her chamber is a *pride dies*, much  
worn from constant use, and an altar  
upon which are candles and crucifix.  
She is one of the most consistent of wo-  
men, and her hand is as open as day to  
melting charity.

HE HAD HIM.—George M. Clark, of  
large renown as a showman, and of good-  
ly repute as a gentleman, was giving a  
deposition in Manchester, N. H., the  
other day, in the case of Kelsey vs.  
Osborn. James F. Briggs, counsel for  
the plaintiff, did not like the looks of  
the deposition from his stand-point, and  
undertook to weaken it by belittling the  
witness. Hence he began, with a sneer:  
"You are in the negro minstrel business,  
I believe?" "Yes, sir," was the reply.  
"You black your face, and sing for a  
living, do you?" "Yes, sir." "Well,  
don't you call that rather low business  
to follow?" "I don't know but it is,  
sir; but it is so much better than that  
of my father before me that I am rather  
proud of it." "Why; what did your  
father do?" "He was a lawyer" (Clark  
had him there, and Briggs asked no  
more questions.)

The oldest fort on the Continent, is  
the Spanish fort of San Juan de Pinos  
now called Fort Marion, at St. Augus-  
tine, Florida. It covers about an acre  
of ground, and would accommodate a  
garrison of one thousand men, with one  
hundred guns. It was begun in 1620  
and completed in 1756, the Indians being  
compelled to do the labor of build-  
ing. Over the entrance is the Spanish  
coat of arms and the name of the then  
Governor, the chief engineer of the works,  
and the date of the completion of the  
fort. In 1835 a dungeon was discovered  
by the caving of a wall from above,  
and in it were two iron cases just large  
enough to admit the body of a man,  
and each contained a human skeleton.  
Who the victims were there is no tradi-  
tion to tell. In one of the dungeons  
Osceola was chained, previous to his re-  
moval to Fort Moultrie. The fort is  
now garrisoned by an old sergeant.

GOOD SOCIETY.—A lady correspondent  
of the Cincinnati Gazette writes from  
Washington: "The countersigns required  
for admittance into 'good society' are  
characteristically demanded by the  
several cities. Boston draws herself up  
severely, and while raising her eye glass  
to scan the cerebral development of the  
importunate one, coolly asks, 'What do  
you know?' New York, vulgarly dis-  
playing her silks and diamonds looks at  
the costliness which the applicant's ap-  
peal denotes, and pertly asks, what you  
are worth. Philadelphia, proudly draw-  
ing around her her covering of pamper-  
ed aristocracy, demands, blue book in  
hand, and lips pursed into prunes, per-  
sianisms and prisms, 'Who was your  
grandfather?' While Washington stops  
a moment in the gliding German, and  
while trying to obtain a sly glimpse of  
your pedal extremities, with glowing  
cheeks and heaving breast, inquires,  
'Can you dance?'

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.—Cream  
is allowed to mould and spoil. Silver  
spoons are used to scrape kettles. The  
scrubbing brush is left in the